

THE
LOYAL
LOVERS
OF
EXETER.
In FIVE PARTS.



T E W K E S B U R Y :

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T H E
Two LOYAL LOVERS,
OF E X E T E R.

Tune,-----Disconsolate Lovers.



P A R T I.

DRAW near you young gallants while I do unfold,
A tragical story as ever was told :
It's of a young couple whose hearts were link'd fast,
Till death broke asunder their conquest at last.

Near Exeter city this couple did dwell,
The las was so pretty there's few can excel,
Most comely in feature, both preper and tall,
And loyal in heart the best virtue of all.

But Cupid who cunningly fixed his dart,
Had shot this fair maiden, and wounded her heart,
With his cunning arrow he wounded her so ;
For love it will creep where it cannot well go.

A brisk young shopkeeper who lived hard by,
 Would oft on this damsel be casting an eye,
 She often with smiles on him did the same;
 They both were possess'd with a secret flame.

But love, which would be no longer conceal'd,
 By this loving couple were quickly reveal'd,
 As they on one evening did meet in a grove,
 The young man begun to discover his love.

Well met my dear mistress, the joy of my heart,
 The height of perfection in every part!
 That love which I long in my heart have conceal'd,
 Shall here to my dearest be plainly reveal'd.

If you'll be so cruel my suit to deny,
 My amorous jewel, for you I must die;
 My heart it is bleeding, and lies at your feet;
 Then kill me or cure me, as you think meet.

This damsel appear'd like one struck quite dumb,
 While blushes like flashes of lightning did come,
 At length she replied, There's no truth in young
 men,
 And what would you have me to answer you then?

My heart to my dearest shall constant remain,
 The thoughts of false love I freely disdain;
 May I bid all pleasures for ever adieu,
 My dearest when first I prove false unto you.



P A R T II.

THIS beautiful damsel no longer could hide,
 Her tender affection, but freely replied,
 My heart is your own, and shall be 'till I die;
 Then into his arms like lightening did fly.

A ring of pure gold from her finger she took,
 And just in the middle the same then she broke,
 Quoth she, As a token of love you this take,
 And this as a pledge, I will keep for your sake.

With hugging and kissing in each other's arms,
 Then they were possessing their raptures of charms;
 And from that same minute they constant did prove,
 And loyal as e'er was the true turtle dove,

But fortune was cruel and on them did frown,
 Their loves to their father's was quickly made known
 So they to their daughter was sharp and severe,
 For she was an heir of five hundred a year.



P A R T III.

THEY privately sent this damsel away,
 To London, that she with her uncle might stay,
 Thinking in short time that her love might abate,
 But true lovers will not be serv'd at this rate.

Some time with her uncle this damsel did stay,
 While she did in private a letter convey,
 To her loyal lover and joy of her heart,
 Whom covetous parents did cruelly part.

But when her true love the letter had read,
 He sent her another in answer with speed,
 Saying, The whole world shall not us divide,
 For there is no one I can love beside.

Her true lovers answer she never receiv'd,
 At which she lamented, sigh'd and griev'd;
 So hath my love forsaken me quite,
 O now all my pleasures have taken their flight.

Sure he was too loyal his love to deceive,
 Then I here in sorrow no longer will grieve:
 But now to fair Exeter I will repair,
 Tho' my shadow is here, my heart it is there.



P A R T IV.

THIS damsel without any longer delay,
 For Exeter city she soon took her way;
 And that very minute for London he came,
 In hopes for to meet with this amorous dame.

But still cruel fortune upon them did frown,
 The one coming up, the other going down;

And then on the road they each other did miss,
 Who can discover the sorrow of this?

Now when they both found their labour was lost,
 And both their designs by misfortunes were crost,
 Without any stay they returned again,
 With hearts both possess'd of sorrow and pain.



P A R T V.

THUS three times together each other they miss,
 While sorrow and trouble their hearts so oppress,
 This innocent damsel her heart there did break,
 And dy'd on the road for her true lover's sake,

The inn where this damsel did die on the road,
 This young man her lover came in as a guest;
 They ask'd this young man, what news was abroad,
 If he knew the young damsel that night had deceas'd?

The corpse he desired then for to see,
 Which when he beheld, he cry'd. ah! woe is me!
 My long, long travel an end now must have,
 My dearest and I will be laid in one grave.

A thousand times over as weeping he lay,
 He kiss'd her pale lips that were colder than clay;
 And that very night his heart it did break,
 And like a true lover he dy'd for her sake.

You covetous parents, wherever you be,
 Consider the same, and now lament with me;
 Let not gold or silver true lovers divide,
 Left dreadful examples do to you betide.

F I N I S.



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